



H. Gavin/ Invt. et Sculp.

MUSTAPHA.

Scene 9. last Act



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Scene 9. last Act

M U S T A P H A:

T R A G E D Y.

DAVID MALLET, Esq.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. ROBERTSON.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

1608/5726

M. J. S. T. A. P. H. A.

T. R. A. G. E. D. Y.

DAVID M. A. L. L. E. T. T.



EDINBURGH:
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MDCCLXXIV.

THIS POEM,
DEDICATED IN HIS LIFE-TIME
TO
F R E D E R I C
P R I N C E O F W A L E S,
IS NOW
FOR EVER SACRED TO HIS MEMORY,
AS THE
F R I E N D A N D P A T R O N
OF ALL
THE FINER ARTS.

THE
MEMORIAL
TO
THE
PATRONS
OF
THE
ARTS
AND
SCIENCES
OF
THE
CITY
OF
PARIS
IN
THE
YEAR
1815

THE
MEMORIAL
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IN
THE
YEAR
1815

P R O L O G U E.

By Mr THOMSON,

Spoken by Mr MILWARD.

*SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and show th' impassion'd mind;
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage,
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic muse appears,
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:
She pours it strong and instant through the heart.
If virtue is her theme; we sudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we grow.
If vice she paints; indignant passions rise:
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.*

*To-night our meaning scene attempts to show,
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state;
Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate:
To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds,
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.*

*Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance those,
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows.
All slighter errors let indulgence spare:
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this best British privilege we call:
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SOLYMAN the Second, surnamed <i>The</i> <i>Magnificent</i>, Emperor of the Turks.	}	Mr QUIN.
MUSTAPHA,	}	Mr MILWARD.
ZANGER,	} his Sons,	Mr WRIGHT.
RUSTAN, Grand Vizir,		Mr MILLS.
MUFTI,		Mr WINSTON.
ACHMET, Friend of Mustapha,		Mr HAVARD.
OSMAN,		Mr WOODBURN.

ROXOLANA, Empress,	Mrs BUTLER.
EMIRA,	Mrs GIFFARD.

Basha, Attendants, Mutes.

SCENE, *the Sultan's Tent, in a large plain near
 Aleppo, where his army lies encamp'd.*

M U S T A P H A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI.

RUSTAN.

GUIDE of the faithful, oracle of truth,
Sage Mufti, hail and welcome!

Muf. Noble Rustan,
Be peace and benediction on the head
Of him, the wise and valiant, who supports
Th' imperial throne of earth's most potent prince!

Rust. In happy hour you come. But sure, my Lord,
Arriv'd so soon, you travell'd on the spur.

Muf. True, I have glow'd beneath the noon-day
beam,
And shiver'd in the midnight's dewy shade,
Unresting from the Porte. Such prompt dispatch
Great Roxolana's mandatè had enjoin'd.
Inform me then what service she requires,
Whom I but live to serve.

Rust. Indeed you owe,
And I no less, all duty to her highness.

Rust. Observe me then: and when your ear hath heard
Th' important tale, let caution lock it up
Deep in the darkest silence of your breast,
From all but heaven.

Muf. Have I not liv'd in courts?
Been present where I would not trust a thought,
In whisper, even to things inanimate?

Rust. Th' attempt she meditates is great and arduous;
Involves her dearest happiness, her life;
Perhaps the lives of all she deigns to love.
Know then—the news will strike thee with amaze—
She holds prince Mustapha her deadly foe.

Muf.

Muf. Ha! say'st thou?—Mustapha! the fav'rite son
Of our redoubted Lord! his eldest hope!
Sole pledge the bright Circassian left his fondness!
How will she root him from a father's love,
Who holds him dear for virtues that renown,
And dignify himself! The prince has fought
His battles with success; and is sustain'd
By troops that know his worth; that idolize
His fame and fortune.

Rust. Thou hast summ'd his crimes.
These are, with reason are, the mighty object
Of Roxolana's hate. But would'st thou know,
How she may drive him from his father's bosom?
This boasted courage she admires! exalts
With all th' insidious lavishness of praise;
And will applaud the stripling into ruin.

Muf. Such foes, indeed, most surely aim their blow,
Who praise to wound, and honour to destroy.

Rust. My influence waits on her's. You know she gave
Her daughter to my bed. Whate'er I hold,
Or grasp in distant hope, is her's alone:
And, as my fairest fortunes, all my aims
With hers, are blended intimate and deep.

If Mustapha succeeds his royal fire,
She falls for ever! sinks from what she is,
Empress and consort of unbounded sway,
Dower'd and declar'd so—sinks into a slave!
Her sons too—can a parent bear the thought?
Her sons must bleed! Her blooming Zanger first,
Child of her love, a certain victim falls
To that dire policy, which founds the throne
Of each ascending prince in brother's blood.
She must destroy, or perish. In such case,
Necessity is justice.

Muf. True, my Lord.
Custom, the deity of half mankind,
All-powerful o'er the soul, on whom opinion
Waits with obsequious blindness, hath made sacred
Such dreadful deeds; and bids our eastern world
Hold them in venerable estimation.
This, to your purpos'd vengeance, may give sanction:

But

But what will give success? The prince, my Lord——
 I tell it, with reluctance, of a foe——
 By every title, by each filial tie,
 Deserves, and largely shares, his father's love.

Rust. What is the love our sovereign bears his sons?
 'Tis coldness, 'tis aversion, to the flame
 With which he burns for Roxolana's charms!
 Not all the fabled power of herbs or spells
 Could raise it to more height. He doats upon her
 Beyond all vulgar passion. Age but strengthens,
 And each new day adds fervor to its warmth.

But, as this great design requires much pause,
 And gradual artifice; I, at fit times,
 Have thrown out hints, insinuations, doubts,
 Some dark and distant, some more plain and near:
 And from such fruitful seeds is springing up
 A harvest to our hopes. The sultan now,
 Declining to th' infirmities of age,
 Is lapsing to its vices; quick distrust,
 Umbrage at rising excellence, but chief
 At signal fame in arms. He fears his son:
 And, in the hearts of kings, by years made gloomy,
 From fear to hate the progress is not slow.
 What says my friend?

Muf. Now, by the prophet's tomb!
 The happy news is gladness to my soul.
 I hate the stripling——

Rust. Hark! the sultan's voice——
 He leaves his couch. I must attend him here.
 You, hasten to th' apartment of the empress.
 Be wise, be secret: what she gives in order,
 Obey without reserve.
 The daily form,
 Of solemn salutation now begins;
 Fram'd to remind him what a monarch is,
 And what he once must be.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The back scene opening, discovers the Sultan's pavilion: he sitting; officers and slaves around him.

1st Officer, behind the throne.] The fragrant health
Of morning, when it shines; the gentle calm
Of evening, when its dewy shades descend,
Repose on Solyman; and make his breast
A paradise of sweets. To him the King
Of Kings, the Lord of west and east, belong
Justice and mercy; to chastise all vice,
And to reward all virtue.

2d Officer, on the left.] Yet this prince,
This first of monarchs, mighty, and renown'd,
This Solyman shall die!

3d Officer, on the right.] Praise be to him
Almighty and all-just, the sole supreme,
Who lives for ever!

Sol. rising.] Leave me.

S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, RUSTAN.

Sol. What a scene
Of solemn mockery is all human grandeur!
Thus worship'd, thus exalted by the breath
Of adulation, are my passions sooth'd?
My secret pangs asswag'd? The peasant-hind,
Who drives his camel o'er the burning waste,
With heat and hunger smote, knows happier days,
And sounder nights than I.

Rust. He seems disturb'd.

[Aside.]

Sol. My couch is grown a bed of thorns: my sleeps,
That should repair frail nature, weigh her down
With visionary terrors. This dire dream,
Not such as fancy in her shadowy workings
Amusive raises and destroys at will,
Was on my brain with deep impression struck:
It seem'd the hand of some night-hovering power;
Some genius watchful o'er the fate of kings,
That meant to warn me—Rustan!

Rust.

Rust. Health, my Lord,
And ever-growing honours! Dares your slave,
Your truest servant ask what care invades
His sovereign's peace of mind?

Sol. Vizir, I blush
To think illusions of the dark have power
To move me thus—Yet, wherefore, night by night,
Am I thus visited with horrid shapes
And omens of impending ill?

Rust. Grant, heaven,
That in such warnings be not shadow'd forth—
Pardon my zeal—th' unwelcome truths that oft
Alarm our ears, of dark and deep designs,
Thro' all those bounds where Mustapha presides.

Sol. Ha! Vizir—whither wouldst thou lead my
thought?

Rust. I know the perilous niceness of this theme;
'Tis cloth'd about with death: and I, methinks,
Presuming thus to talk, am as a man
Who walks the summit of a fearful cliff.
Each motion hazards falling: and that fall
Is fate inevitable.

Sol. Thou art safe.
When duty speaks, its very error claims
Not only pardon: it deserves applause.

Rust. What may not youth, my Lord, impetuous youth,
By factious armies heated and inflam'd,
By strong ambition fever'd into phrenzy,
Presume to dare? Impatient of controul,
'Twould spurn at heav'n itself, would scale the throne
Of him, the sacred power, who gave it being.

Sol. Thou hast arrous'd my soul. And if I doubt,
I will prevent.—That were a tyrant's baseness;
Who kills—because he fears.—Away such thoughts.
Nor can this be. I have approv'd him faithful.
He still reveres the monarch in the father:
And love of one preserves him just to both.

Rust. So may it ever be. And you deserve
His most devoted service. For his sake,
You broke thro' all the rules of royal custom,
That buries in the dark seraglio's round,
And keeps at cautious distance, son or brother,

From

From knowledge and employment.

Sol. True: my heart

Disdain'd those narrow forms which low suspicion,
Th' inglorious policy of mean-soul'd men,
Had render'd reverend to our barbarous world:
Beheld with scorn by wiser nations round us,
Whom reason and discernment have enlarg'd
With nobler views, and polish'd into honour.

Rust. A zeal well meant, tho' indiscreet, the king
Will sure forgive.—But does this son approve
The breach of ancient custom—in each instance?
There may be novelties ———

Sol. What would'st thou say?

Rust. E'er since the time inhūman Tamerlane,
In Bajazet's insulted queen, dishonor'd
The majesty of empire, future sultans
Have shunn'd the marriage-tie.

Sol. Solyman has not:
Superior to that cowardice of pride,
Which made it a state-maxim—But say, who,
What slave of mine so lightly holds his life
As but to murmur at it?

Rust. All good subjects
Applaud your act with duteous veneration.
Fair Roxolana even adorns the name,
The honour'd name she wears. The prince too, Sir,
Is valiant, noble, rich in manly virtues,
And with these virtues, loyal—But his pride—

Sol. His pride!—away—he does not, dares not blame—
Confusion!—blame?—He must approve my act.
Reason inspir'd, and honour boasts it done.
She merits more than pomp and power can give:
Even all that love in his unbounded fondness,
Inventive to bestow with taste and grace,
Can find to crown the idol of his vow.—
I lose myself in fondness—Say, I wish
A moment's converse with her.—Stay. Thy letters,
What say they of my son: will he obey
My order? Does he come to vindicate
His question'd loyalty?

Rust. To all but that
My letters speak at large, and high extol

His gentle manners, popular behaviour,
And equal use of delegated sway.

Sol. My mandate was express and absolute :
And I expect him here, ere yonder orb
Has measur'd half its course—But should he fail—
That popular behaviour, priz'd so high,
May cost him dear !——My Roxolana comes ;
I would be left alone.

S C E N E IV.

ROXOLANA, SOLYMAN.

Rox. Alas, my Lord,
Thro' those severe regards you dart around you,
Methinks I read some discontented thought.
Ah, should it point on me !

Sol. My Roxolana !
That fear is vain, is cruel to us both.
No anger, no distaste can dwell with love,
With love like ours, ennobled into friendship ;
That, while it soothes, invigorates the heart :
Union of wishes, harmony of wills,
Blended and lost in one consenting interest,
One undivided happiness, beyond
The solitary, joyless pride of power,
That dazzles, not delights——A heart like mine
O'erflows its bounds, unheeding——I but meant
To pour into thy faithful breast the cares
That break upon my peace.

Rox. Give me them all :
And I will charm them to repose, or share
Their sharpest pangs.

Sol. A swarm of gloomy fears
Is waken'd here !

Rox. What fears, my gracious Lord ?

Sol. Now, Roxolana, speak as in the sight
Of that stern angel who explores the grave,
And calls departed souls to strict confession.

Rox. What do I hear ?

Sol. My favour'd Mustapha,
So grac'd and so distinguish'd by my fondness,
Feels he for me that love a son should feel
For such a parent ?

B

Rox.

Rox. Whence that doubt, my Lord ?

Sol. Ask thy own heart. Has not thy love for me
Alarm'd thee to suspicions of his conduct ?

Rox. What can a father wish beyond his duty ?
When your just vengeance sends him forth to war,
Great in your power and glorious by your fame,
He hurls the dreadful thunder : then returns
Submissive to your nod, alike resign'd,
Commanding or obeying. You, the while,
To give this brave and boundless spirit scope,
Remains, my Lord, unactive in the shade,
Obscuring your renown ; that his may rise
And shine, to dazzle your admiring subjects,
Who bless his brightness, dwell upon his sight,
And hail their future Lord !

Sol. Ha ! heard I right ?

Thou say'st I have been unactive—cruel truth !
The world has ceas'd to tremble at my name.
Once Afric, Asia, Europe, fled before it.
The Persian lost a kingdom to my arms :
I humbled Egypt ; crush'd its daring rebels.
Proud Rhodes, defended by the chosen boast
Of Christian chiefs, sustain'd not my assault.
I shook the distant Danube with my thunder :
Struck terror to the heart of its bold ruler.
My threatening war hung o'er his capital,
A gather'd tempest ; waiting but my nod
To burst in ruin on it.—Yes—this was.
But now, perdition !

Rox. Moderate, my Lord,
This rising transport.

Sol. 'Tis a coward's vaunting :
And valour blushes at it.—Roxolana !
What am I now ?—sunk, lost in sloth and silence !
While Mustapha has reign'd for Solyman !
Poor and debasing !—Kings who cease to act,
Cease to be kings.

Rox. Yet Mustapha's renown
Is yours, my Lord. The name of Solyman
Bore terror in it, conquer'd where he fought not :

And,

And, as the victory, the praise was yours.

Sol. Thy virtuous tenderness for me deceives thee.
I see my fatal error, feel my danger.
We may oblige our children into foes,
Even till they hate as deep as we have lov'd.

Rox. But then proceed, my Lord, by wary steps.
Observe him, if he leagues with men who screen
Their spleen to you, their disappointed pride,
Behind the specious mask of public zeal.
Mark, if the winning softness of his manners
Be native or assum'd: humility
Is oft disguis'd ambition. Note the means
By which he slides into the vulgar bosom;
Feign'd pity for their sufferings, hinted hopes
Of better times. But chief, remark the arts
He puts in use to court the soldiers love;
A coarse simplicity of taste and life,
In their hard fare, gross wit, and blunt demeanor,
Their fellow and companion. Mischief oft,
And murderous treason, lurk beneath such plainness.

Sol. O wretchedness of royalty! what thorns
Weave their sharp points with empire's gaudy robe!
Now, by my father's soul, thou hast heard more——
I read it in that look——more than thy softness
Dares trust mine ear with——

S C E N E V.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

Sol. Rustan!—whence this haste?

Rust. My Lord, the prince approaches——

Sol. Ha! what say'st thou?

Rust. And enters now the camp.

Sol. 'Tis well.—The troops,
How greet they his arrival?

Rust. With mad haste
They pour by thousands o'er the tented plain,
And swarm around him. 'Tis all wonder, fondness,
Each passion, every folly, of the vulgar
Expressing heart-felt joy!

Sol. Indeed!

Rust. And hark!

That universal shout speaks loud their transport.

Sol. Again!—the traitors!

Rox. What attendance brings he?

Rust. Achmet will tell your highness.

Sol. Bid him enter.

S C E N E VI.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, ACHMET.

Ach. Prince Mustapha—

Sol. Is come!

Ach. And, by your slave,

Implores admission to your royal presence.

Sol. I sent thee to Amasia, to his province:

Say how he was employ'd.

Ach. As a prince should be;

In all the nobler cares of peaceful sway,

That make the ruler lov'd, the people happy.

Sol. Didst thou remark how he receiv'd my order?

How look'd he? what reply'd he?

Ach. With submission

He kiss'd th' imperial signet: then dismiss'd

His numerous court; on each with instance pressing

Inviolable duty to their sovereign.

Sol. This more: With what attendance is he guard-
ed?

Ach. With only those who wait about his person,
And one fair slave

Sol. Enough.—A croud of thoughts,

Doubting, discordant, rise in tumult here,

Unsettling my resolves—What should I think?—

Suspicion may enquire, but must not judge.—

'Tis now devotion's hour: invoke we then,

To guide our councils, that unerring mind,

Whose goodness guards the majesty of kings;

Whose justice each dark thought to judgment brings.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET, HELI, OSMAN, Soldiers.

MUSTAPHA, *at the door of the tent, to the soldiers who had followed him.*

MY friends and fellow-soldiers, I accept,
Well pleas'd, these kind expressions of your love;
As meant in honour of our common lord,
While thus you grace his son. But leave me now,
And each attend his duty. — Heli, go;
Watch near Emira; bid her be of comfort:
Say all is well. — Good Osman, find my brother,
My Zanger: I would meet him here.
Oh, Achmet!

Faithful instructor of my youth in arms,
These shouts, this honest transport of the army,
That had been music in the front of battle,
Is discord here!

Ach. Now, by fair faith and honour!
I felt my heart spring high within my bosom,
And answer to th' effusions of their joy.
Their shouts, their acclamations swell'd to passion.

Must. Ah, friend—these acclamations will undo me!

Ach. What says my prince?

Must. Whom sovereign power beholds
With jealous eye—for those to be belov'd,
Is to be guilty?

Ach. What can malice forge
To raise a doubt against your faith and honour?
In peace, most true and loyal to your father;
In war, your sword has ever been employ'd,
And ever with success, against his foes.
What would he more?—Suspected! No, my Lord!
The sultan truly loves you.

Must. Bred in camps,
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth
That best becomes a soldier; thou, my friend,
Art happily a stranger to the baseness,

The infamy of courts.—Achmet, the Caspian,
 When terrible with tempest, is less fatal
 To the frail bark that plows it, than a court
 To innocence and worth. A step-dame's hatred,
 Hatred implacable, because unjust;
 A Vizir, meanly cunning, coolly cruel,
 Grown old in arts of treachery and ruin,
 Pursue me, hunt me down! And what can I,
 Unpractis'd in all guile, oppose to dark
 And deadly wrath? the breath of public praise!
 An empty name—that will but speed my ruin!

Ach. Why should they be your foes? why hate the
 worth

That never injur'd them?—Forgive me, heaven!
 Could I believe so basely of mankind,
 I would renounce their fellowship, and seek
 The silvan wild, to herd with nobler brutes.
 How can this be? All things around us wear
 A face of peace and silence.

Must. Such the silence,
 The fearful stillness, ere the thunder bursts!
 Else whence this boding solitude? this tent
 By all forsaken, even the meanest slaves?
 As we had sent the pestilence before,
 Our mortal harbinger!—But, be it so.
 True valour, friend, on virtue founded strong,
 Meets all events alike.

Ach. Ah, prince, 'twas cruel.—
 Forgive my honest love—'twas most unkind
 To hide these apprehensions from your friend:
 And now, too late, disclose the fatal secret.
 But was it not most rash, if such your fears,
 Most wilful, unsupported by your troops,
 To meet this danger?

Must. Achmet—I can die:
 But dare not disobey a father's orders.

Ach. The Vizir moves this way.

Must. Then, O my soul!
 Wake all thy powers, and arm me strong within;
 That honesty and honour, bravely plain,
 May strike confusion through his hollow smile,
 And vizor'd malice.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN, ACHMET, BASHA.

Rust. May the power we serve,
Most merciful and gracious, crown my Lord,
'Thro' length of years, with brightness and renown!
To see your highness here, my soul has long,
Has warmly wish'd.

Must. Because—thou art my friend.

Rust. Heaven knows with what fond warmth my will-
ing tongue,

Still prompted from the heart, has painted forth,
Your matchless virtues; that exalted courage,
That generous prudence, rival of your courage,
Which aged warriors wonder at with envy!
But my applause is poor, and sinks beneath
The mighty subject: fame herself is proud
To celebrate that hero, whose sole arm
Sustains the throne of godlike Solyman,
His glory and defence!

Must. Thou know'st me not!

He who can listen, pleas'd, to such applause,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,
And pays, for idle air, with sense and virtue.
Art thou indeed my friend? then shew it nobly;
As man, by deeds like these thy tongue extols:
As subject, in true duty to thy sovereign.

Rust. What amiable modesty! The sultan
Must needs, my Lord——

Must. Conclude this prefacing:
And, to your business.

Rust. Sir, your royal father——

Must. Proceed.

Rust. 'Tis only——

Must. Say——

Rust. His orders are,
This Basha may receive your sword.

Must. My sword!

Rust. Such his command.

Must. And, as he knows this Rustan

My

My kindest advocate, my warmest friend,
The man who sounds my praise aloud to heaven,
He sends him on this errand!

Rust. Born to serve,
With absolute obedience to fulfil
My master's pleasure, his true slave presumes not
To ask a reason for it.

Must. Heaven and earth!
My sword?

Rust. What would your highness have me say
In answer to this order?

Must. Take it, Vizir:
And tell thy Lord and mine, I ever held
Submission to a father's sacred will,
A son's first virtue, and his fairest fame.
Say, this good sword has truly been employ'd
Against his foes.—Achmet, it was the gift
With which his fondness grac'd my early hand!
Which I had hop'd to part with but in death?
Stay! If thou art a friend, add this one truth,
Add boldly—when his sacred will demands
The life he gave me; this unhappy son,
Suspected as he is, will yield that life
With equal resignation. Thou wilt say so?

Rust. By heaven, I will.

Must. So, in thy latest hour,
That heaven, who sees us both, deal with thy soul!

SCENE III.

MUSTAPHA, ACHMET.

Must. Oh, friend!

Ach. Perdition on the doubling traitor!
Was it by arts like these he rose to greatness?
To envy'd power? How low beneath all scorn
This court-dissimulation sinks mankind!

Must. Fly, Achmet, to Emira; greet her from me
With love's most sacred vows: but smoothe this news
With all the kind deceit, the virtuous falsehood,
That friendship bids us use, to save from anguish
The tender bosom of the fair we love.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

Zan. Mustapha!

Must. Zanger!

Zan. Brother of my love—

O greatly, dearly welcome!

Must. O, my Zanger!

My heart has sicken'd to transfuse itself
Into thy faithful bosom. Friendship mourn'd,
And found himself unblest for want of thee,
Thou soul of tenderness, to wake anew
His holy flame, and light it into rapture.

Zan. O, more than brother! O, my nobler self!
I swear by honour, by the secret instinct
That nature kindled in my infant breast,
That taste improv'd, and reason makes immortal;
My soul that languish'd for thee, finds her powers
Restor'd to health and vigour in thy presence:
Nor more refreshing are the dews of heaven
To Araby's dry desert, than to me
Thy sight and wish'd return!

Must. May fame renounce
And scorn my name, if I not prize thy love
Beyond renown; beyond th' applauding shouts
Of myriads in the laurel'd front of war.

Zan. O, thou hast fir'd my soul! thy voice recalls
The days of glory, when I trac'd thy steps
Thro' honour's rugged paths to noble danger!
The watch by night; the weary march by day;
The battle's open rage; the dark assault,
Where unknown perils dwelt; the sum of toils,
That fame imposes, and ambition courts!

Must. Ah! Zanger—those blest days are fled for ever!

Zan. What says my friend?

Must. Alas! I am no more
That brother of the war, whose honest name
Thy partial love has lavishly adorn'd.
Zanger, in me thine eyes behold a slave,
Disgrac'd! disarm'd!

Zan.

Zan. O, my presaging heart !

The Vizir——

Must. He.

Zan. Blue plagues upon him?—Yes,
I have of late, I have observ'd his visage
O'ercaſt with dark reſerve : his ſpeech ambiguous,
Broken, and ſhifting quick, or pausing ſhort.
Even when he talk'd no more, fell miſchief lour'd
And boded in his ſilence. But I thought not——
How could fair honour think, his hell-born arts
Took aim at you?—It is not, cannot be.
Our father loves you to your worth's extent :
Then who dares be your foe ?

Must. I have not learnt
By what pernicious tales the ſultan's ear
Hath been abus'd : nor can thy plainneſs think,
Thy honeſt ſoul, what arrows of the dark
Cloſe hatred ſhoots with ; various, ſecret, ſwift,
And fatal every ſhaft. Some three moons paſt,
A preſent of delicious fruit was brought me,
The firſt and faireſt of the bounteous year ;
Season'd with compliments of high regard,
And proffer'd love. I bade the bearer taſte,
What ſeem'd moſt exquisite. 'Twas ſure my genius
That gave the ſtrong alarm. Th' unwary ſlave
Ate freely—but, O, heaven ! the lightning's flaſh
Scarce ſwifter kills. His ghastly eye-balls roll'd ;
Convulſions ſhook his frame—he groan'd ! he died !
Expir'd before mine eyes !—O, noble Zanger,
The hand from whence that mortal preſent came
I muſt not, will not gueſs !

Zan. Do not, my brother :
Left I ſhould ſpurn all human ties, and curſe
Whom nature bids me reverence. Filial virtue !
Forgive the direful thought that wakens here——
Away—to harbour it were parricide——
Alas ! my brother ; frienſhip makes me impious !
And now, thy ſight, whence I had hop'd all joy,
Thy ſight diſtreſſes me—Why didſt thou come ?
O cruel raſhneſs !—Wherefore art thou here ?
To heap damnation on their heads ! on mine
Horror and ſure deſpair !

Must.

Must. Look on me, Zanger.
 Thy virtuous softness, while it charms, distracts me,
 Let me not see thy tears—they melt away.
 My firmer heart—Indeed, I am to blame
 To wound thy gentle nature with this tale—
 I am, by heaven—I should have lock'd it up,
 Even from my own reflection for thy sake.
 Turn this way, hear me, friend.—Had I not come,
 Not paid obedience to a father's order,
 I had avow'd a guilt that fled the light,
 And merited the fate I meanly shunn'd :
 Nay, more, had furnish'd to my honour's foe
 Sure arms against myself ; to stab me, Zanger,
 Thro' all succeeding ages, in my fame!
 And what are thousand temporary deaths
 To one, one cureless wound that bleeds for ever ?
 Well, Osman !

SCENE V.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER, OSMAN.

Osman. Sir, the emperor approaches.
 His orders are, prince Zanger should retire :
 He would confer with you in private.

Zan. Brother !

[*Embracing.*

Must. Zanger ! heaven only knows or when or where
 We meet again—Find Achmet out : the secret
 That most imports my soul, on which my all
 Of happiness, save thy true friendship, rests,
 He can disclose. Thus, from my heart, farewell !

SCENE VI.

MUSTAPHA.

He comes. A nameless terror stirs my soul,
 And spreads severe disquiet thro' my bosom.
 Why should I fear ? The man of guilt alone
 Should feel disorder. 'Tis but nature's frailty ;
 Th' unbidden trembling of the various heart,
 Where hopes and fears arise, and pass by turns.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

SÖLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

Sol. after a pause, and having ordered, by signs, all his attendants to withdraw.

Mustapha, sit. My order is obey'd :
And thou art come.

Must. While life informs this frame,
Your will, my Lord——

Sol. It now enjoins thee silence.

Attentive mark my words, and on thy life
Reply not, till my nod commands an answer.

When that eternal power, whose will is fate,
First call'd me to the cares of royalty ;
And when those arduous cares had turn'd my search,
On each side round, for some directing light,
Some fair example that might guide my steps ;
I found, instead, o'er all our eastern world,
One total face of ignorance and night,
And myriads stretch'd beneath of dreaming slaves.
This sterile darkness, to a people, rude
As nature at the birth of human kind,
Seem'd venerable ; seem'd the proper state
Of greatness : and, as blindness is most vain,
The proud barbarians, all they knew not, scorn'd.
Amid this gloom profound, I cast mine eye
Back to th' enlighten'd times of Greece and Rome :
When cherish'd science, like the risen sun,
O'er earth's glad face diffus'd its fruitful beam ;
And, where it shone, the human bosom warm'd
To thought exalted and heroic deed.
Their story I revolv'd ; remark'd the plans,
From age to age by chiefs and sages trac'd,
That make peace happy, or just war successful :
And, as I read, with pleasing wonder own'd,
To what fair heights, above our bounded sphere,
Instruction and example lift the mind !
Till, what I long admir'd, at last I dar'd
To emulate : nor was the trial vain.
Heaven seconded my views. My neighbours round

Rever'd

Rever'd those arms they dreaded ; and, yet more ;
 From far Euphrates east, to where its wave
 Thro' Christian climes the western Danube rowls,
 A hundred realms my gentle sceptre blest.
 But chief my family ; where blood-stain'd rage
 No longer rioted in scches of death ;
 No son has bled, no brother pin'd out life,
 Sunk in some dungeon, to secure my throne.

Thee, of those sons the first, and best belov'd,
 I cherish'd with superior fondness ; rear'd
 In arts and arms ; with morals and with honour
 Season'd thy tender thought : whence to myself
 I hop'd a grateful heir ; and, to mankind,
 When heaven should summon me, a gracious master.
 This have I done : but, where is my reward ?
 What hope, what comfort for my age remains ?
 If thou, impatient to ascend my throne,
 Would'st rather now invade it ; now presume,
 With parricidal hand, from mine to wrench
 The sacred sceptre, than submissive wait
 Till after me, time and transmitted right
 Have made it thine without thy crime.

Must. My Lord,
 For this indulgence, this permitted freedom,
 To heaven and you I bend my heart in thanks :
 And as I would deserve it, all my words
 To holy truth shall be severely just.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
 You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
 Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
 The father and the king. What weight of duty
 Lay on a son from such a parent sprung ;
 What virtuous toil to shine with his renown ;
 Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.
 True to the fair example in my view,
 My heart, indifferent to possess a throne,
 Aspir'd but to deserve that envy'd seat,
 Where true content was never known to sit !
 I sought renown in arms : yet, O, believe me,
 It was but as a spur to nobler deeds ;
 A strict engagement not to faint or tire

In glory's arduous race; if haply so
 I might deserve a parent's courted praise,
 The great first aim of all my honest toils.
 But chief, and ever nearest to my heart,
 Was this prime duty; so to frame my conduct
 Towards such a father, as, were I a father,
 My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
 And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
 To latest time—if ever thought was mine
 Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

Sol. But yet, the genius of imperial rule,
 All incommunicable, knows no equal;
 Nay, knows no second. Thou hast borne thyself
 Above a subject's state: by secret arts,
 By dangerous popularity, hast dar'd
 To taint my armies, and divide their homage.
 Too well I know the native bent of man:
 From towering thoughts to traitorous designs
 He climbs apace. If I at last must fear
 A rival in my slave—for such thou art—
 Thy virtues all are crimes. And were there none,
 Not one of Othman's blood to heir his empire:
 By that eternal mind who form'd my soul!
 If guilt is found upon thee—true, thy father
 Will be unhappy—but thou art undone!

Must. And may that power, whose ever-waking eye
 Explores the depth of human hearts, and sees
 Each wish, each secret purpose, rising there,
 Disclose all mine before you! O, my father,
 Source of my being, ever lov'd and honour'd,
 Yes, let inquiry, rigorous inquiry,
 Call the whole tenor of my life to trial,
 Severe, impartial trial. If such crimes
 Have stain'd me but in thought; let open shame,
 Let tortures such as wait the wretch accurs'd,
 The parricide, atone their guilt.

Sol. This wears
 A face of virtue.—Mustapha—the father
 Would favour thee: the judge must know no bias.
 Their differing titles call me separate ways;
 And each would have its due.

Must.

Must. My failings, Sir,
Will want th' indulgence of a father's love :
My honesty of heart dares well abide
The judge's searching eye.—O, think, my Lord ;
Why am I here alone ! Had my own thoughts
Borne evidence against me, would I thus
Provoke examination ? thus embrace,
Perhaps, the nobler, but th' unfafer, part ?
For I have foes—

Sol. What foes ? Be warn'd, and know,
By charging others, guilt behind that veil
Would lie conceal'd, would hide its own dark aims.

Must. Look on me, Sir. Suspected tho' I be,
I am your son : I still inherit from you
A generous pride that cannot stoop to vileness,
The vileness of a lie. Most true, my foes
Had form'd a fell design against my life.

Sol. Ha ! what design ?

Must. By poison to destroy me.

Sol. Poison ? astonishment !

Must. And of a kind
Exalted to such power, such deadly keenness,
That he, the slave, who first essay'd its rage,
Tasted at once and died !

Sol. Merciful heaven !

Must. My people saw, with horror and amaze,
How near the verge of unseen fate I stood :
They saw another by my death expire,
The death for me prepar'd, that thro' his frame
Shot mortal swoonings, shot convulsive pangs ;
Then kill'd him on the instant. This they saw,
And trembled to behold.

Sol. I tremble too !

I shudder at the dreadful tale—O, nature !
A parent cannot banish thee for ever—
Was no enquiry made ? Canst thou not guess
This cruel foe ?

Must. I can forgive, my Lord.

Sol. What should I think ?—Thy brothers are thy
friends.

My Roxelana — but 'tis most prophane
To mention her. She never was thy foe.

Must. I never gave her cause.

Sol. Her faith to me

I oft have prov'd, and ever found sincere.
Her tongue, too, has been lavish in thy praise;
By heaven, it has.

Must. Betwixt my foes and me

Let heaven be judge — But if their arts can win

On him, a father whom my soul reveres

With all the sanctity of truth and love,

To think me base, ungrateful, and unjust;

Hear, honour! and approve me while I swear, [*knels.*

I envy the poor slave! I would be now!

As he is — Pangs like mine were well exchang'd

For death's short agonies —

Sol. Forbid it, virtue!

Thou must not talk thus.

Must. Had I perish'd then,

Sweet peace had clos'd mine eyes! dying assur'd

You never thought me false! assur'd, my fate

Unmerited, untimely, would have drawn

A tear of pity from a parent's eye —

Alas! my Lord —

Sol. O, Mustapha — my son! —

For such again thou art, belov'd! endear'd!

I mix my tears with thine.

Must. My king and father!

'Tis joy, 'tis bliss too powerful clouds my sight

With this soft moisture.

Sol. Hence each doubt and fear,

Children of dark distrust. My soul receives thee

To love and confidence. — And now, my son —

The secret long conceal'd and lab'ring here,

I will disclose before thee — but, ah! whence

These shouts that tear the sky! Osman, what news?

S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA, OSMAN.

Osman. My Lord, a sudden mutiny spreads swift
Among the troops. The Janizaries chief

Pour

AA III. M U S T A P H A.

29

Pour from their tents, and cry aloud to arms !

Sol. Confusion !—Mustapha, what may this mean ?

Must. So heaven befriend my soul, as I am lost
In horror and amaze—But haste, my Lord,
And meet bold treason in its mid career.

S C E N E IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN.

Rust. Appear, great Emperor, or all is lost !
The soldiers arm'd, and furious in their rage,
As if one soul of treason reign'd in all,
Surround your tent——

Sol. How !—Mustapha, I will not
Pronounce thee guilty—But this hour must fix
The name of son or parricide upon thee.

Must. Sir, I provoke the trial.

S C E N E X.

RUSTAN.

Curst event !

The danger imminent and sure is mine.
Should they demand my head—By hell ! 'tis theirs.
To save himself, the Sultan will resign
His minister : that fatal policy
Long custom has made sacred——Dire ambition !
By following thee, I headlong urge my fate,
And change secure repose for wretched state.

ACT III. S C E N E I.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI.

ROXOLANA.

WHERE will this fearful revolution end ?
And who must fall the sacrifice of fate,
Rustan or Mustapha ?

Muf. Their fury seems
As if inflam'd, and check'd, by one sole will,
Unlike the wavering multitude.

Rox. That shows
Most terrible!

Muf. It would be——but for him,
Their idol Mustapha, whose pride of soul——
Or call it loyalty——will surely prompt him,
With ostentation, to repress at once
The storm his fancy'd danger has awak'd.

Rox. Dost thou believe so, Mufti?

Muf. Hold it, Madam,
A most undoubted truth: and that on you
No other labour lies, but to perplex,
By study'd doubts and fears, the Sultan's spirit;
To hint his certain ruin from a son,
So dangerously powerful o'er the passions
Of men inur'd to turbulence and treasons.

Rox. My better angel warns me from thy lips:
And, Mufti, thou shalt find me nobly grateful.
Rustan, what news?

S C E N E II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

Rust. This tumult threaten'd more
Than even my fears farmis'd. Already were
Those daring traitors spread around the grove
That shades this tent; a mighty host in arms,
Outrageous, clamouring high for Mustapha,
And menacing perdition to his foes;
But chief to me.

Rox. Audacious slaves!—but on.

Rust. In that nice moment, Selyman appear'd
Superior and unmov'd. At sight of him,
A space they stood confounded and appall'd.

Muf. The multitude unaw'd is insolent;
Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain.

Rust. Yet, Mufti, when they cast their eyes abroad
On their own gather'd strength, rekindled rage
Spoke loud their madness in tempestuous shouts,
And mingled uproar. I beheld from far
The various horror; how at once they rag'd,
At once kept silence: and, as thwarting passions

By

By turns prevail'd, were dreadful and dismay'd !

Rox. What follow'd this ?

Rust. Just then—but I could wish
To leave that part untold—the prince rush'd in ;
His look with grief and anger deep impress'd,
His bosom naked to their swords—" Strike here !
" Here point your rage, he cry'd. I, only I
" Am guilty—if your impious arms have dar'd,
" In violation of the allegiance due
" From subjects, chief from me, to menace him
" Who reigns supreme o'er all,"

Mus. Why did they not,
O, prophet ! fairly take him at his word ?

Rust. This, with strong transport utter'd, and enforc'd
By bursting tears, which indignation shed,
Amaz'd, abash'd them into fear and shame.
At once they crowd'd round the rais'd tribunal ;
Threw down at once their arms, and prostrate begg'd
For pardon or for death.—I would not dwell
Upon the sequel. Mustapha's demeanour
Has won anew his father's heart, and wrought
A firmer reconciliation.

Rox. Wrought our ruin ;
If this be so.

Mus. An enterprize like ours,
Rais'd to this fateful point, must be accomplish'd,
Or crush its authors.

Rust. There is no return.
No ; we must on ; must pass the perilous flood :
To venture backward from this depth, we risk
Inevitable sinking.

Rox. Ha !—it dawns :
Thy counsel, Musti, breaks upon my thought,
Like morning o'er the shades of night. We yet
Shall counterwork our fate. This paper, too,
Even from the friends of Mustapha procur'd,
May serve to urge his fate.—The Sultan comes.
Retire, my Lords — Stay, Rustan : I may want
Thy present aid. Now recollect thy soul,
And second what I say.

By

SCENE

S C E N E III.

SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

Sol. Presumptuous slaves !—

These accidents in such a state as this is,
 By laws unfix'd, are ever to be fear'd,
 Are often fatal—This alarming storm
 Is past, my love : and tho' the rage of tumults
 Has from old time shook fore our empire's frame,
 Nay, buried Monarchs in the general wreck,
 This last I can forgive. It shew'd me plain
 The soul of Mustapha. With care I watch'd
 Th' emotions springing from his inmost breast,
 There where no art has power ; and found them true
 To virtue and to me. I know, this news,
 To her whose dearest happiness is mine,
 Will be most welcome.

Rox. You are just, my Lord ;
 Just to us both. I triumph in your joy,
 And wish it all sincere.

Sol. Long peace, I find,
 But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
 Licence and wanton rage ; which war alone
 Can purge away. I will resume my arms :
 And he, the Persian monarch, who has dar'd
 Insult my frontier on its weakest side,
 Shall feel their edge once more. Some shew of conquest,

Some slight advantage by his troops obtain'd—
 I fought not there—has swell'd his inborn pride
 Above all equal bounds. But, ere the sun
 Lights up another morn, my powers shall hence
 To scourge that pride. A rougher season now,
 My Roxolana, must divide the hearts,
 It shall not change.

Rox. Mine is not in the power
 Of time or accident. This faithful breast
 Will know no hour of joy, till favouring heaven
 Restore you, bright with conquest, to these arms.
 But—is all well, my Lord !

SoA

Sol. All well!

Rox. Alas!

Sol. Ha! what alarms thee?

Rox. Does my Lord believe,
His lowly handmaid loves him?

Sol. Most unkind!

Why dost thou kneel, and hang upon my robe?

Rox. O, Solyman—But wilt thou then forgive
The woman's softness? those presaging thoughts

That wish, yet doubt thy safety?

Sol. Safety! What!
What wouldst thou say?

Rox. O, may my fears be vain!
But when my thought recalls this horrid tumult;

Recalls th' unbounded insolence that spread

So fast, and rag'd so high; when I revolve

The cause that spirited those factious men

To such bold outrage—can I chuse but weep,

And tremble for thy life?

Sol. My life!

Rust. aside.] Well said,
Exquisite woman!

Rox. Have they not presum'd,

From idle rumours—rumours too that fix

On you the brand of murder—here to judge

Betwixt you and your son? to give you laws?

As if the sovereign power was in their hands!

And you their slave!

Sol. Ha!—Roxolana—Ruffan!

Rust. She speaks a dreadful truth! Power is no more.

Authority is lost, when subjects dare,

With curious boldness, scan their master's right,

Controul his royal pleasure, and rejudge

His highest acts. Contempt unkinings a sovereign.

Sol. Contempt!—perdition!—Am I vilely fallen

To that dishonour?

Rust. You are still yourself,

Great, valiant, glorious: but ungrateful subjects,

Wanton with wealth and ease, may wish to change

The happy present for th' uncertain future—

Alas, I go too far: you droop, my Lord.

Sol.

Sol. Away—What should I fear? My son's known virtue

Forbids a doubt of him.

Rox. How I have lov'd,
How oft with rapture dwelt upon his name,
You, Solyman, best know. But duty now
Shall triumph o'er that fondness—This wild storm
He with a breath appeas'd.

Sol. He did.

Rust. Grant heaven

Her fears be idle! That same breath can raise
A second; blow it into tenfold rage,
And bid it burst on us—Would that were all!
The risen tempest, spreading broader still,
May reach even Solyman; may break pernicious
Even on his sacred head! for who will then
Bid the rous'd ocean peace? or drive its surge
With govern'd fury?

Sol. Hold I then a crown
Precarious and dependent on the nod,
The caprice of another?—Roxolana!
Thou dost not think so.

Rox. Would I could not think it.
O, who can sound the secret heart of man?—
Pardon my anxious love—His thoughts are hid,
His real aims unseen: his power is known,
Is evident and felt.

Sol. Woman! by heaven!
Thy words dart light into my darken'd soul—
There must be treachery. Who told those rebels
I sought his life? What friend of mine would say,
That danger threaten'd him?

Rust. O, justly thought.
Did Roxolana, did your slave, whose head
They loudly call'd for, bid the traitors rise,
To plunge their daggers in our breasts?

Sol. 'Tis plain.—
Who, who would be a father?—Friends, you weep
In pity of my fate?—I too could pour
A breaking heart in tears.

Rox. O may the news,

This

This paper holds, be false as calumny,
As malice can devise.

Sol. What news? what paper?
Whence comes it?

Rust. From Amasia, Sir; a slave
Deliver'd it but now.

Sol. I dread to look
Upon this fatal paper—Ha! it speaks
“Of peace at hand; of terms the Persian offers.”—
“That monarch courts with ardent love and service
“My favourite son.”—Why trembles thus my frame?
What dire suggestions, conjur'd up at once,
In fiend-like shapes, spread horror thro' my breast?
Where am I?—What?—depos'd? plung'd in a dungeon,
To drag out weary life to its last verge,
A slave! a nameless reptile!—These strong warnings
Are heaven's impressive hand.—But how resolve?
How satisfy my vengeance and my fame?
My stormy soul yet knows not, dares not yet
Acknowledge to itself.

Rox. [*looking after him.*]
The Mufti soon
Shall clear that doubt.

S C E N E IV.

RUSTAN.

Rust. We are not yet secure,
Fond nature may return, and baffle all
Our labour'd schemes! Ambition! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable master! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart,
Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?
Cruel condition! Could the toiling hind,
The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain-shower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;
Could he but read the statesman's secret breast,
But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs,
From furious passions and avenging guilt:
He would not change his rags and wretchedness,
For gilded domes and greatness!

S C E N E

SCENE V.

ZANGER, RUSTAN.

Zan. Rustan! yes,
Alone and musing—Soft: I will repress
Th' indignant rage my honest bosom swells with,
And speak him fair.

Rust. I heard a noise—Prince Zanger!

Zan. You seem wrapt up in meditation, Vizir.

Rust. I have been thinking what sweet peace attends
The homely shepherd's life.

Zan. Can such a life
Provoke a great man's envy?

Rust. Sir, forgive me:
I must attend the Sultan.

Zan. Vizir, stay:
The Sultan is retir'd. I saw and mark'd
His visage, ruffled with tempestuous passions.
I know the dreadful cause; thou too must know,
Some instant peril menaces a life
That mine but lives in. Rustan, by the names,
The sacred names of honour and renown!
Now join thy influence with mine, and save
The noblest of his race.

Rust. Save whom, young prince?

Zan. Whom! holds the world a second Mustapha?
Vizir, believe me, this one glorious deed,
Were thy life stain'd and foul with every crime,
Would wash out all.

Rust. You much amaze me, prince.
Is it for me to trace the secret springs
That act my sovereign's will? or cross its workings?
Be far that curious rashness from my thought.
But whence this deep alarm? I have not learnt
What fate impends o'er Mustapha—and yet,
Suppose—'twere death.

Zan. Ha! Vizir.—

Rust. Yours, my Lord,
Is all the gain.

Zan. O prophet!

Rust.

Rust. He remov'd,
You are this empire's heir.

Zan. By that sole being,
Who governs all events! I would not reign,
In wrong to him, the master of mankind.

Rust. Fine air-built notions, Prince. The wife have
thought,

That power, howe'er acquir'd, is sovereign good.
Devoted to your service, let me speak
With useful freedom. Be advis'd in time;
Renounce a friendship that avails not him,
And may to you prove fatal.

Zan. Sure thou dost not,
All-statesman as thou art, thou canst not mean
The horrors thou hast utter'd? Were I, Vizir,
This empire's lord, my first, my dearest care,
Should be rewarding thee, even to the full,
For giving righteous counsel.

Rust. My advice
Bespeaks my hearty love, and merits not
Such harsh and proud returns.

Zan. Thou earth-born slave!—
I thought to have restrain'd me—but thy baseness
Arouses me beyond dissembling.—No!
Thy counsel perish with thee—Heaven! is he,
Are such as he, the men whom princes trust?
And must the fate, the safety or destruction
Of millions, each less guilty than himself,
Hang on the breath of one whom thou must hate?
O, providence! is human race no more
The object of thy care?—Why end I not,
Even here, his life and crimes?

Rust. Prince, have a care:
Nay, handle not your sword. These starts of youth,
Swelling and frantic, touch not, move not me.
Yet know—that but for her, my royal mistress,
Who loves thee, and to whom my duty bends—
This threat might cost thee dear.

D

SCENE

Rust.

SCENE VI.

ZANGER.

How could I hope
 To melt a heart like his? What now remains?
 Said he, my mother loves me? then I know
 Where even her breast is vulnerable. Yes;
 It is determin'd—If my friend must fall;
 'This righteous sword, thro' mine, shall reach her heart.

SCENE VII.

MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

Zan. Nature and friendship!—how they tear my bosom?

How wound my inmost soul?

Must. What means my brother?

Zan. I know not what has wrought this fatal change:
 Some moments past, the sultan cross'd my walk;
 His brow was knit in frowns, his eye look'd ruin—
 'This villain-statesman, too, has talk'd such things!
 Thy ruin is resolv'd on.

Must. Be it so.

Life is beneath my care; nor can I wish
 To wear it longer, if a father deems me
 Unworthy to partake the common blessing,
 All creatures share in.

Zan. Mustapha, no more.

Self-preservation is heaven's eldest law,
 Imprest upon our nature with our life
 In characters indelible. Who shrinks
 From this great cause is wanting to his reason:
 But when our honour is traduc'd and stabb'd at,
 'Tis virtue, 'tis heroic fortitude,
 Then to encounter violence with force.

Must. What force, my Zanger, shall a son employ
 Against the sacred life that gave him being?
 In me, resistance would be parricide.

That guilt I dread: I cannot fear to die.

Zan. Fly then: prevent th' enormous guilt of others
 By timely flight.

Must.

Must. And so avow the crime
My foes would fix, in all its blackness, on me?
Such cowardice were treason to myself.
Think, Zanger, for us both.

Zan. What can I think,
But that you charm th' unhappy breast you wound?
O, Mustapha!—yet can your virtue bear
To see our father stain himself with blood?
The blood that nature, honour, bid him spare?
He is no more the monarch, Europe, Asia,
Have trembled at. His amorous weakness grows
To dotage; and has robb'd him of himself.
Slave to a woman's will—I would forget
She gave me birth—and to a minister,
Familiar with all guilt; behold his sword,
That should be drawn for justice, turn'd to murder!
To perpetrate th' offence it should revenge!
And will not you, by honest flight, prevent
His sin and shame? prevent the sure reproach
That must descend for ever on his name?
The brand of murderer?

Must. Zanger, should I fly—
No other choice is mine—I must unsheathe
The all-devouring sword. Then what ensues?
Revolt, intestine broils, the baneful train
Of crimes and miseries that wait on war.
Shall I, good heaven! to breathe this idle air
A few years longer, load me with the sins
And blood of thousands? shake an empire's peace,
Unhinge its frame, and rend it with convulsions?
Is life worth saving at such mighty cost?
Compar'd with this, can death be terrible?

Zan. The crime is theirs who force you into arms.
On them alone, the rapines that shall waste,
The flames that shall devour, our fields, our towns,
The blood that shall be spilt, for ever rests.
Yet more; a prince's life is not his own:
Not for himself, he lives for human race.
This universal duty to your kind
Cancels all private bonds. The future bliss,
Or woe of millions, you were born to rule,

Hangs on your great resolve.

Must. I hear with wonder

'The glorious counsel which I must not take.

No end is noble where the means are base.

What ! violate allegiance, duty, nature ?

Wade on thro' cruelty, rebellion, ruin ?

'Thro' all the varied guiltiness of war ?

And rise to empire by ten-thousand horrors,

'That subjects may, at last, have cause to bless

A sovereign thus exalted ?—No, my friend ;

Heaven means not me its instrument of good,

If but by ways like these I must effect it.

Brother—farewell : I leave the world with joy,

Leaving it to thee !

Zan. O cruel—godlike friend !

Canst thou resolve on death, and bid me live ?

Must. Yes, live, my brother ; live to bless mankind.

Shew wond'ring nations what a monarch should be ;

Heaven's true vicegerent, whose superior soul,

Rais'd high above the tyrant's selfish poorness,

Pants but for power of doing good, rejects

All power of doing ill ; who makes no war

But to revenge his people's wrongs, no peace

But what secures their safety ; courts no fame,

But from their happiness : a parent he,

The public parent ; they not slaves, but sons.

Zan. Thou shalt not go. This moment yet remains ;

Perhaps the last—Does friendship plead in vain ?

Yet, if thine ear is deaf to Zanger's call—

Think of Emira ! think of her, my brother,

To whom thy soul has wedded all its wishes !

Canst thou abandon her ? be deaf to love ?

The pleading voice of love, and youth, and beauty,

Despairing, dying in thy death ?

Must. Ah, friend,

What hast thou done ? Why dost thou sound my heart,

To shew me I am man ? frail, fearful man ?

Why, Zanger, hast thou brought to light a weakness,

I would have kept in darkness from all eyes ?

Even from myself ? or wept in silence o'er it,

My last unconquerable fondness ?

Zan.

Zan. See!——

She comes. What grace, what noble sweetness shines,
Victorious, in her opening spring of charms!

Must. O, go, my brother; leave me to myself:
My heart runs o'er with passion, nor can bear
Even a friend's eye should read its tender follies.

S C E N E VIII.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

Must. Emira!

Em. Prince!—What mean these eager tremblings?
This troubled silence?

Must. O, my soul's best joy!
At sight of thee, I feel—I know not what;
My beating heart is all a soft confusion
Of fears and wishes, tenderness and tears—
Blest heaven!

Em. My Lord!—Why are you thus alarm'd?
Ah! Have you then deceiv'd me? Was the peace,
The reconcilment with your royal father
But feign'd to soothe me with betraying hopes?
Cruel—

Must. Emira, I am much to blame:
And manhood murmurs at the fond consent
That has expos'd thee, in this doubtful journey,
To danger and alarms. Love made me weak,
Even made me cruel!

Em. Prince, Why am I yours
But to divide your cares? to share your fortunes?
I feel no danger, Mustapha, but thine;
No fears but for thy safety.

Must. Knowing that,
I know too much, and therefore am most wretched!

Em. Ha! thou art pale—Why dost thou hide thee
from me?

What fatal change has happen'd?

Must. Dear Emira!

Thou amiable goodness! stop these tears.
There is no present danger; none, my love.
But let me place thee safe beyond the din,

Beyond the rage of war—for war is threatn'd.
Now, while the friendly shades of night descend,
Let Achmet guide thee hence.

Em. Inhuman! oh—

You hide some horrid secret from mine ear.
What, leave thee! Fly with Achmet at this hour!
Must then Emira be the last to know,
She is for ever wretched?

Must. No, my love:

Our parting shall be short—Nay, hang not on me:
Resist not with thy tears. I must a while,
Refusing thee, deny my soul its comfort—
See, Achmet comes.—

[*Achmet whispers him.*]

'Tis well. Retire at once.

Angels conduct thy steps!

Em. O, lost Emira!

SCENE IX.

MUSTAPHA, OSMAN.

Osmt. The sultan, on whose head be peace and blessing!

Commands, my Lord, you should expect his pleasure
Alone in that pavilion.

Must. I obey.

O sacred fortitude! O heaven-born guest!
Descend; infuse thy spirit thro' my breast;
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate.
This body let their engines tear and grind;
But let not all their racks subdue my mind.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

RUSTAN, MUFTI.

RUSTAN.

THE night looks black and boding. Darknefs fell
 Precipitate and heavy o'er the world;
 At once extinguishing the sun: and lo,
 What clouds ascending deepen shade on shade!
 Some rustling storm is nigh. But are we safe?
 Are we alone? I would be shrouded close
 From mortal eye and ear. Lilt—

Muf. All is still.

Rust. Then tell me—for my soul impatient longs
 To hear the news—What has our dreaded Lord
 At last resolv'd?

Muf. I follow'd to his tent.
 The scene was terrible. His mind appear'd
 A mighty ocean stirr'd by fighting winds.
 His pace uncertain, fury in his aspect,
 His bosom heaving with convulsive thoughts;
 By turns he cast his eyes severe on heaven;
 By turns he bent them gloomy on the ground:
 A pause of silence, where dumb horror reign'd,
 More wild and more expressive to the sight,
 Than on the ear the storm of words can pour.

Rust. Proceed, my Lord.

Muf. At last, in broken sounds,
 By passion render'd vehement and low,
 “Mufti, he cry'd, How says our sacred law?
 “What doom inflicts it on a trusted slave,
 “Who plots destruction to his master's house?
 “In close conjunction with their foe profess'd,
 “A rancorous heretic”—

Rust. He meant the Persian;
 Who long has courted Mustapha in private.
 Well, you reply'd—

Muf. His blood be on my head.
 Thus stain'd and black with complicated guilt,

He

He merits more than death ; chief for his league
With heretics, a race on earth abhor'd,
Accurs'd of heaven.

Rust. Ay, that was well, my Lord ;
And after Solyman's own heart. I hope
You urg'd it home with weight of argument.

Muf. I did : and prov'd all heresy more black,
More pestilent, than even the false belief
Of Christian dogs. He bow'd his head profound,
Invoking heaven, attesting Mahomet :
And cry'd—" This son must perish. Not a world,
" A pleading world should save him from my justice !"
Then order'd his confinement.

Rust. Ha ! confinement ?
By Azrael, the angel that must sever
His soul and mortal part ! I was in hopes,
His execution, Muftri, had been order'd.
This tardy vengeance dashes half my joys :
'Tis full of dread, and may be deadly to us.
Would I had ne'er embark'd on this wild sea,
Where tempests ever rage !— Conscience, too,
Now sharpens all her stings—

Muf. Away, my Lord !
What are you doing but what thousand statesmen,
Who liv'd and died in fame, have done before you ?
He shall not 'scape. I have fresh accusations,
That, with the sultan's piety, will weigh
More strong than all his crimes. This Mustapha
Is a rank unbeliever.

Rust. How, my Lord !
The news revives my heart.

Muf. Inflam'd with zeal,
With holy hatred to the foes of heaven,
Jews, Christians, who pollute our pious land,
I would have wrought that boy to prompt his father
In giving to the sword those infidels.
What was his answer, think you ?

Rust. I can guess :
Some libertine reply.

Muf. 'Twas most prophane !
He pointed to a plain that lay before us,

Profusely

Profusely gay with flowers—"Admire, he cry'd,
 "Wise nature's various hand: a thousand colours,
 "A thousand odours, greet the sight and smell.
 "Fair suns arise, and genial dews descend
 "To foster all alike: and, in return,
 "They waft their mingled incense to the sky,
 "A grateful offering there. Perhaps 'tis so
 "With difference in opinions: this, at least,
 "They have their use; nor shall they want protection,
 "While those who hold them, live as subjects should,
 "In amity and peace, promoting each
 "The general wealth, observant of the laws,
 "And to their sovereign true."—He said: and turn'd
 Abruptly from me, frowning scorn and anger.

Rust. I thank thee for this news: but go, my Lord,
 Watch near the sultan's door. I will the while
 Walk here and meditate.

S C E N E II.

RUSTAN.

Rust. Uncertainty!
 Fell demon of our fears! the human soul,
 That can support despair, supports not thee!
 The son yet lives—the father may relent:
 What then becomes of Rustan?—By the night!
 By this dead darkness that involves the world!
 The murderer, in some lonesome dungeon sunk;
 Not with more dread, more shaking apprehension,
 Awaits the hour, the midnight hour that brings
 Back from his tomb, in hideous visitation,
 The bleeding shadow of the slain—than I
 The issue of this thing.—Hush—

S C E N E III.

ROXOLANA, RUSTAN.

Rox. Rustan! speak;
 Say, is it done?

Rust. O, would to heaven it were!!
 Or ne'er had been attempted!

Rox. Be of courage.

Where

Where is prince Zanger?

Rust. Madam, we are observ'd.

'Tis he —

Rox. Leave us—I see him much disturb'd.

SCENE IV.

ROXOLANA, ZANGER.

Rox. after a pause.] Why art thou silent? What has mov'd thee thus?

Zan. I would have read my sentence in your eyes;
Whether they doom your son to life or death.

Rox. What wouldst thou say?

Zan. O, hear me; hear and save!
Screen my lov'd brother from the shameful fate
That hovers o'er him! Fly, prevent a father—
You only can—from plunging into blood:
And from the sting of conscience that will goad him
To life's last hour.

Rox. Zanger, I know thy follies.
Deaf to ambition's glorious call, and blind
To sovereign power that spreads its dazzling charms,
The ruling sceptre, starry diadem,
Before thy sight, and now within thy reach;
Unspirited and poor! thou wouldst depend
For food and raiment on another's nod:
Grow basely old, unactive, lost to fame,
Nor know the peasant's privilege, to eat
Thy wretched meal secure: but still unsafe,
And trembling still, each fearful hour expect,
As rage or caprice guides thy tyrant's will,
The bowl or poniard.

Zan. Be more just to both.
Nor would I suffer, nor will he impose,
Such brutal treatment. O, you know him not!
A soul with every goodness, every worth,
Enrich'd, accomplish'd —

Rox. I will hear no more.
A mother's fondness for thee bids me pity,
What else my heart would scorn: and leave thy blind-

ness
To its due portion of contempt and wrongs.

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Zan.

Shake off this dull simplicity of soul,
Unworthy me, defeating all my schemes
For empire and for glory. Every aim,
Th' important travel of my thoughts, is all
For thee alone. Awake, expand thy views
To greatness, and deserve my noble cares.

Zan. O, sacred honour! Does some dire illusion
Dazzle my sense?—I view myself with horror—
Heaven! was I born to be the bane of virtue?
To banish from her heart, who gave me life,
All human thoughts? all goodness?

Rox. Thou hast learnt
Of Mustapha! and art, I find, right apt
To profit by such lessons!—yet—be wise:
He who adopts his crimes may share his fate!

Zan. What are his crimes?

Rox. His birth-right. He was born
To reign thy master: he might live to see
A slave in Roxolana.

Zan. Yet, 'tis heaven,
Not Mustapha, you should accuse.

Rox. Accuse!

No: fond complaining is for vulgar souls;
I will prevent, and punish.

Zan. Then strike here:
I am the criminal.

Rox. Thy folly is;
Thy milky softness, uninform'd, unwarm'd
By brave ambition.

Zan. Rather say, not fear'd
By hate; not savag'd by remorseless rage.

Rox. How! does thy madness lose all reverend sense
Of love and duty to a parent due?
Unnatural and ingrate!

Zan. What is my fault?

Rox. All I am doing for thee.

Zan. Have I wish'd?
Have I contriv'd that guilt?

Rox. Yet is it thine.

The guilt is his who profits by it.

Zan. No:

Such

Such gains my soul renounces. Can a world,
 A purchas'd world advantage him, who pays
 His virtue for the purchase?—Yet recall,
 My mother, O, recall your better mind, [He kneels.
 That feeling pity, that soft sense of goodness,
 The grace and glory of the gentler sex.
 Now, Madam, while the sultan's awful will
 Yet wavers unresolv'd; address his mercy,
 His justice; save him from the worst of crimes!
 These moments are most precious——

Rox. Zanger, rise,
 And heedful mark me——'Tis my last advice,
 My kindest—Rouse thee from this dreaming fondness,
 This soul-debasing narrowness of purpose.
 Resolve to second me, to aid my views;
 Or share thy brother's fate.

Zan. His fate I envy;
 He dies with all his virtue, all his fame:
 Nor is his parting soul insulted, poison'd,
 By such dire offers—Gracious heaven!

Rox. Go on.

Zan. I dare not: nature, honour, check my tongue.

Rox. 'Tis well—Thou voluntary wretch! henceforth,
 I hold thee as an alien to my love.
 Tremble! This hand may send thee——

Zan. Should it prove
 Another murderous present——

Rox. Ha!

Zan. It would be
 More welcome than an empire on such terms.

Rox. Thy choice be thine. I cast thee from my
 heart;
 Renounce thee; know thee for no son of mine.
 Thou slave in soul! this moment is thy last:
 This moment joins thee to thy brother's doom!

[Returning.
 Zanger—be warn'd.—I feel I love thee still——
 The mother rises o'er the woman's rage,
 And bids me spare thee—'Tis thy cause I plead——
 Inhuman! Why are all my cares, my labours,

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If not for thee!—Reply not: but obey——
 Thou seest my tears: in them the parent see—
 Distract me not: my life is in thy hands,
 My fame, my all on earth!——Remember too,
 That from this hour my blessing, or my curse,
 Is thine for ever!

S C E N E V.

ZANGER.

O, there needs not that:
 'Tis curse enough that I was born of thee.
 Supreme disposer of the world!——But, no;
 I dare not imprecate thy vengeance here!
 What can I more? My thoughts are one wild whirl
 Of horror and despair——ah, princess!

S C E N E VI.

EMIRA, ZANGER.

Emi. Brother!

Where is my Lord? they would have torn me hence;
 Have carried me to safe inglorious distance:
 Love would not hear of parting!

Zan. Heaven and earth
 Conspire against us! Whither shall I turn me?
 What shall I counsel thee—but see—the Sultan!

Emi. Ah, where?

Zan. Emira—on this moment hangs
 Our last, our only hope. Fall at his knees,
 Beseech, adjure him. Youth and grace like thine
 May reach his soul, and melt him into nature.
 Disclose thy story: tell him with thy tears,
 With all the moving softness of distress,
 The secret of your heart. Who knows but heaven
 May greatly interpose its sovereign aid
 For injur'd virtue and imploring love——
 But I must hence unseen.

Emi. Alarming trial!

E

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

SOLYMAN, EMIRA.

Sol. In change of place there is no change of pain.
 Contending passions, urging each its claim,
 Tear up my bosom with intestine war.
 Shall treason go unpunish'd? Shall I dip
 My hands in filial blood? O, fatal choice!
 O, cruel conflict! Have I liv'd till now
 A parent—not a murderer? Must I late,
 When my white age is bending to the grave,
 Pollute me with that stain?—O, Mustapha!
 Thou hast undone my fame——
 What bright unknown
 Attracts my eyes, and charms away my rage?
 Fancy not fairer paints those heaven-born maids,
 Daughters of paradise, for ever young,
 For ever blooming; who, on beds of flowers,
 By streams of living waters, soft repose
 To crown the immortal bliss of happy souls
 With raptures unconceiv'd—She kneels! and weeps!

Emi. O royal Solyman——

Sol. Say, beauteous maid,
 What may this posture mean?

Emi. Supreme of monarchs!
 Renown'd for virtue, greatly good and just!
 Let not a helpless stranger plead in vain!
 I beg for mercy.—

Sol. Mercy! can thy youth,
 Can charms like thine want honour? want protection?
 You must not kneel.

Emi. Unhappy Mustapha——

Sol. Ha! what of him?

Emi. Is innocent, my Lord;
 Is clear of every crime against a father,
 Whom more than life he loves.

Sol. This would be scann'd.
 You know him then.

Emi. Believe these streaming eyes;
 Truth is not fairer, nor is faith more loyal.

O,

O, by your just renown, by all your hopes
Of peace on earth, of paradise on high,
Be timely warn'd : revoke the dreadful doom,
That, giving him to death, will ruin you !
Will kill your sweet repose of heart for ever !

Sol. Amazement all !—Thy words, thy mournful
action

Confound my thought. Say, speak, how is the fate
Of Mustapha thy care ?

Emi. O, Solyman !

O, father of th' unhappy——

Sol. O, my soul !

What can she mean ? Go on.

Emi. O, pardon him !

Have pity on us both !—I am—his wife—

Sol. Confusion !——wife !

Emi. Arm not your eye with anger.

If 'tis a crime —— revenge it all on me :

And, in my gushing blood——

Sol. Rack me no more.

Resume thy senses : tell me who thou art.

Emi. Alas, my Lord, you tremble with your passion.

But hear me with indulgence——By the love

I bear your son ; th' observant faith we both

Profess for Solyman——all may be well.

I bring the noblest dowry to his arms ;

Peace to your realms ; a potent monarch's friendship

On happy terms obtain'd.

Sol. Am I awake ?

Speak, speak, and ease my soul.

Emi. I am——

Sol. Well, say.

Emi. The Sophy's daughter.

Sol. Ha !

Emi. The eldest born

Of Persia——

Sol. Hell and horror ! heard I true ?

Of Persia ? daughter of my mortal foe ?——

At length his treasons are all come to light——

Perfidious ! lying slave !

Emi. O, no, my Lord :

By him who fees the foul, he is not false.
He never knew a thought——

Sol. Away—he dies!
Should I and all my kingdoms perish with him.
What, ho!—conduct her to the women's tent:
Let Roxolana keep her safe.—'Tis done.
The conflict's ended. Osman—

S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

Sol. Art thou privy
To this conspiracy?

Osman. My Lord!

Sol. I stood
Even on the verge, th' extremest verge of fate:
And one step more—I doubted her I love,
Her who has fav'd me—Osman, he shall die!
Call Rustan; bid the mutes be ready—Stay!
This cool dissembler, this smooth hypocrite,
What can he now alledge!—Bring him before me.

Osman. Whom, gracious Sir?

Sol. Him.—Dost thou linger, slave?
This rage disturbs my reason.—Mustapha!
O, wretched Solyman!

S C E N E IX.

SOLYMAN, MUSTAPHA.

Must. You speak not, Sir;
You see me not. If I appear before you,
Tho' guiltless, with confusion; not these bonds,
Nor what more fatal may ensue, alarms me!
The man who knows no crime should know no fear:
And yet a father's frown can shake my heart.
Sir, if I may be heard; if innocence
Thus wrong'd and suffering——

Sol. I will check the storm
That heaves within, and would o'erflow all bounds.
Justice alone shall try him and condemn——
And yet, shall treason thus, detected treason,

Profane

Profane the language of fair loya'ty?

Must. Treason! O, by my soul's immortal life,
This curst sedition less offended you,
Than it afflicted your unhappy son.

Sol. Of that my heart has labour'd to acquit thee.
Turn this way: raise thine eyes aloft to mine,
And fix their beams with steady gaze upon me——
“Who knows no crime, thou say'st, should know no
“fear.”

Now answer me —— Art thou not join'd in league,
In hellish compact, with thy father's foes?
Art thou not—married?

Must. Heaven!

Sol. Ha! does this truth
Flash just conviction on thee? strike thee dumb?
Now, whither is thy confidence of tongue,
Thy darling licence fled?

Must. Then—farewell, hope!
Yet—let me die the same I still have liv'd,
Above all falsehood, all dissimulation.
I am, my Lord: and but for that mad tumult,
Which broke our evening's talk abruptly off,
(So angry heaven decreed) I had even then,
In all the plainness of discovery, laid
The secret at your feet; from full belief,
My action, try'd by candour as by justice,
Must have procur'd forgiveness to myself;
And to Emira, crown'd with every grace,
With every virtue bright, your tenderest love,
May I proceed?

Sol. Proceed! What canst thou add,
What can I hear, but rising proofs on proofs,
That I am miserable, thou most base?

Must. I plead not now for life: nor would I hold it,
Dishonour'd by a father's deep distrust,
Embitter'd by his hate. I would but lighten
Th' imputed guilt that weighs upon my name.
My foes, I knew, my unrelenting foes
Were high in your regard, trusted, lov'd;
Attach'd with no less faith to you, than fix'd
And in close league combin'd—to ruin me.
Their power in all its dark extent I saw:

Its baleful influence felt. The law of heaven,
 The voice of reason, urg'd me to preserve
 Myself from death, my father from a crime.
 Against inveterate, unabating hate,
 I fought protection, fought a sure retreat :
 And found it in the Persian monarch's love.
 Weary of war's fell ravage, wishing rest,
 He gave his blooming daughter to my arms,
 And with her those fair provinces your sword
 Had won and lost by turns ; to be annex'd
 For ever to your empire, on such terms
 Of peace, as you and justice might approve.
 Behold, my Lord, even in its last recess,
 The heart of Mustapha !

Sol. Well—thou hast said.

Is there aught more ?

Must. My Lord, to life or death
 Indifferent, as impatient of dishonour,
 Resign'd, unfearing, I expect my fate.
 But, oh——Emira !——On my knee, for her,
 Who but for being mine had been most happy,
 I beg a father's dear regard.

Sol. Retire.

S C E N E X.

SOLYMAN, RÜSTAN *at a distance.*

Sol. Why does my straining eye pursue his steps ?
 Out, foolish nature ; leave me to the thoughts
 That suit a monarch. He, or I must fall.
 'Tis rage no more : 'tis reason's deep alarm,
 Abruptly waken'd o'er the startling view
 Of precipice and ruin full before her.
 May I believe my senses ? How ! a son
 Aspiring, popular, belov'd and brave,
 His very virtues formidably great,
 Combin'd, confederate with my mortal foe ?
 Even wedded to his daughter ? young and fair,
 And mighty o'er a husband's ductile heart !
 To drive his passions, and inflame his will
 With each curs'd purpose of her father's hate !

And

And shall a tale, by smooth-tongu'd cunning fram'd,
Stagger my heart, or soothe me to false peace?

Why lingers then my justice? While I thus
Her awful rule obey, why feels my heart
The horrors that should wait on guilt alone?

No: let me lay down empire, or assert
Its injur'd rights: and, while I weep the son,
Give up to death the criminal—O, heaven!

Rust. In tears, my Lord?

Sol. These tears are terrible:

And fate will follow them—But, canst thou guess
What I would leave untold!

Rust. I dare not read

My sovereign's secret will.

Sol. Thus, then. The mutes—

Afric's black sons—the fell and fatal band
Whose souls no pity know—hold them prepar'd.

S C E N E XI.

RUSTAN.

Rust. Is it then fix'd? This instant sees them ready.
Ascend, from hell's profoundest night, ye powers,
Who aid conspiracy in her dire workings!

Engage his head, his heart, till this be done,
And crown the work of fate yourselves begun!

A C T V. S C E N E I.

ZANGER, ACHMET.

ACHMET.

THE hour grows more tempestuous.

Zan. Not a star
Remains unquench'd; but total blackness fills
The vault of night.

Ach. Look, from the turbid south
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,

Pil'd

Pil'd hill on hill : and, hark ! the thunder rous'd
Groans in long roarings thro' the distant gloom.

Zan. 'Tis well : and we, O, heaven ! revere thy voice,
Thy voice of terror, meant to shake the hearts
Of guilty men. What withers their resolves,
Lends force to ours. Achmet, if honour lives
Within thy breast ; if this tremendous call
Can wake thee to a deed of noble daring,
Now save thy master.

Ach. Prince, command my service.
Be life or death the sequel, I have learnt,
When honour calls, undoubting to obey.
This worthy part is ours : th' event we leave
To heaven's deciding care.

Zan. I need not say,
In saving Mustapha, we save the friend
Of virtue, of mankind. But how, alas !
For I have sounded all a mother's heart,
Each source of tenderness profess'd for me,
In favour of this brother—and in vain !
The Sultan too, inexorable, deaf
Even to Emira's voice ! has seal'd his doom.
Amid the silence of the midnight-hour,
A shameful death awaits him !

Ach. Judge supreme !
Is such the lot for innocence decreed ?
What can we do ?

Zan. Brave Achmet, true, the camp
Lies plung'd in slumber : but the troops adore
This injur'd virtue. Rouse the nearest bands
With cautious haste ; from man to man diffuse,
In whisper'd confidence, the fatal tale,
The secret of their hero's threaten'd fate :
Then, on a signal given, rush all at once
Into the guilty room ; and bear him thence
Among th' expecting soldiers.

Ach. By the storm
That thunders round us with redoubling peals !
The brave design has fir'd me : I will save,
Or perish greatly with him. Knows the prince
Of our intention ?

Zan.

Zan. No ; nor were it safe
To trust his scrupulous virtue with the secret.
Above all fear of death, he would not risk
A life this way, to make his own immortal.
Then give we honour, strict as his, no cause
To disavow our action ; let no blood,
Even of his executioners, be spilt.

Ach. We will not stain an enterprize of justice
With deeds of cruelty. That care be mine.
What shall the signal be ?

Zan. A blazing torch
Wav'd thrice amid the trees that shade this tent.
My watch is there.

Ach. Enough.

Zan. Farewell.

Ach. Yet, say,
Where do we meet ?

Zan. Behind the blasted pine
That bounds the last pavilion.

Ach. Prince, remember !
My service shall not linger : if I fall,
'Tis as a soldier should.

Zan. Away—the Vizir
Is coming towards us.

S C E N E II.

ROXOLANA, MUFTI, RUSTAN.

Rox. Mufti, what a night
Is roaring o'er us ! My frail woman's heart
Quakes at the loud'ning horror of the storm !
What mean the angry skies ?

Muf. I have observ'd,
When the soul labours with some mighty purpose,
That dread and danger usher into birth,
Fancy alarm'd sees in each accident
A heaven-sent omen ; of her own vain fears,
Shapes fiends or ghosts ; embodies empty space ;
Pours terror on th' unreal form ; then shrinks
Appall'd and trembling from her own creation.
Why, this tempestuous time respects not us ;

Or

Or it befriends our purpose.

Rust. True, great princess.

The soldiers all are hush'd: the camp is now
Still as the midnight desert. Even the factious,
Whose prying curiosity had else
Been buzzing round us, tremble in their tents,
Awe-struck! nor dare assemble while the heavens
Are blazing round their heads.

Muf. Madam, see here—

And give full scope to joy—behold the scroll
That numbers Mustapha among the dead!

Rox. Yet, Musti, was it hardly gain'd. The combat
Of love and vengeance in his father's breast,
Like agonizing nature ere it yields
To death's last dart, held strong and terrible.

Muf. Nor had the son's accumulated crimes
Met their due punishment, but for your skill,
Your known ascendant o'er the sultan's heart,
All-open to your influence.—Take it, Vizir,
Th' important schedule; and see justice done
On this our enemy.

Rust. O, I could give
A loose to rapture!—But the time forbids.
When must he die?

Muf. Destruction hovers o'er him:
These moments are his last. So wills the sultan:
And has shut up his tent from all access,
Till this be done.

Rox. Now, now indeed I live!
Now am I blest! O, friends, you both shall task
Henceforth my dearest interest in your service.
Fly, Rustan, plant strong watch at every gate,
At every avenue: let none go forth,
None enter, till the morning shines abroad.

Rust. All is prepar'd. The slaves are ready arm'd,
A numerous band: and I will post them strait
With watchful secrecy.—Now, Mustapha,
Thy boasted victories, the courted love
Of giddy multitudes that hail'd, this morn,
Thy short-liv'd triumph—what avail they now?
That pageant-show will but embitter thought,

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But aid thy foes to torture thee in death.
Come, Mufti : to our task.

S C E N E III.

ROXOLANA.

I am alone !
My bosom pants with ardent expectation,
And dreadful hope ! O, wou'd this hour were past !
The solitary horror of my thoughts
Dismays me—Who goes there ?—His wife !—I would
not
Now hear her soft complainings.

S C E N E IV.

EMIRA, ROXOLANA.

Emi. Fly not, madam :
For misery has sure a mournful right
To pity ; even to reverence. If your soul
Is truly royal, and adorns the height
Of your imperial fortune, you will weep
The woes you have not known. If mercy lives,
If gentleness yet holds her softest seat,
Where once she joy'd to dwell, a woman's breast ;—
O, Roxolana—by these melting eyes !
By this imploring posture ! now exert
Your thousand ways of charming him you love !
Wake nature, reason, in his heart ; to save
A hero who supports his throne ; a son
Who fears no death but from a father's frown.
Think, for this noble act, how fair your name,
How bright with praise, to nations yet unborn,
All-lovely will descend !—You hear me not.
Ah, Madam, this way bend your sight : in me
No common suppliant kneels. I once believ'd—
O, groundless pride !—that, but to heaven alone,
I could have bow'd me thus !

Rox. My wonder, princess,
Has kept me silent : let it plead my pardon
That you have knelt so long. Nay, dry your tears :
Myself

Myself will send the prince to your embrace,
And end for ever all your doubts and fears.

S C E N E V.

EMIRA.

What insolence of cruelty, what cold,
Unfeeling pride, sat mocking in her eye!
O, man! what savage bears a heart like thine,
Till thy own ills have taught thee social sense,
And soften'd thee to goodness?—Mustapha!

S C E N E VI.

EMIRA, MUSTAPHA.

Must. Am I so blest once more to see thy face?
Once more to press thee in my faithful arms?
O, transport even in death!

Emi. Death! guard me, love,
Defend me, heaven, from that distracting thought!
O, most inhuman queen!—What, lose thee then?
Thus lose thee—in thy flowering spring of life?
With all thy honours green and fragrant on thee?

Must. If I have right employ'd this scanty span,
'Tis life's full measure: honour is old age.
Were I not torn from thee, from thy lov'd bosom,
To die is to be happy. Gracious heaven,
In mercy to mankind, has made life short;
Else wrongs and sufferings, our sure portion here,
Would be supportless load!

Emi. O, heaven and earth!
Shall ruffians, mercenary slaves, enur'd
To murders, recent from the basest crimes,
Attempt thy sacred life?

Must. The cause alone
For which we suffer makes death terrible.
What can he more, with all his terrors arm'd,
When we oppose fair virtue to his blow,
But first enlarge the soul to liberty?
And then to bliss immortal? I will meet him,
This foe of nature, with the same calm brow

I oft have seen and fought him thro' the ranks
Of raging war—To spare a father's crime,
Would I had found him there!

Emi. Are then my hopes
All fled for ever?—Have I liv'd to this?
O, Mustapha—yet let me share thy fate:
Yes, perish with thee. From thy firmer heart
My weakness will draw strength, and meet the doom,
That must involve us both, serene and fearless.

Must. Thou angel-virtue! this is death's sharp pang,
This tenderness that pains me into agony.
Thy lover and thy husband who should shield,
Should cover thee from every fear, alas!
Is trembling with thy softness!

Emi. My lov'd Lord!
Soul of my wishes! glory of my thoughts!
Your father—has he then renounc'd that name?
Cast from his heart humanity and honour?
Can it be possible?—Yet let me fly,
Assault him, pierce him with my tears, and wake
The god within his breast!

Must. My gentle love,
It will not be. The secret of our nuptials
Untimely told, betray'd I know not how,
Has fix'd my doom irrevocable.

Emi. Oh!——
My Lord! my life!

Must. Why dost thou tremble? why
With this convulsive ardour grasp my hand?

Emi. Ah, Mustapha——

Must. What wouldst thou say? My hour
Is hastening forward.

Emi. Wouldst thou know—O, horror!
The cruel, killing foe, the deadly tongue
That has undone thee?

Must. So may heaven receive
My parting soul, as anger and revenge,
As every passion is extinguish'd here——
All but my love for thee.

Emi. O, grief of heart——
When injur'd virtue not upbraids our crime,

But pities, but forgives; the bitter pang
Our soul then feels is every death in one!
Strike here, my Lord!

Must. Ha! what? My senses all
Recoil to hear thee talk thus.

Emi. Yet shew mercy:
If you not leath me, strike. 'Twas I, O heaven!
'Twas curst Emira's tongue proclaim'd thy secret.

Must. Thou dearest! thou unequal'd tenderness!
Now am I most prepar'd to lay down life.
My heart—I blush to think it could be base—
Was list'ning to suspicions of some friend,
Whose falsehood had undone us. Thou hast sav'd me
From dying with that guilt upon my soul.

Emi. Thy friends are innocent. Even Solyman,
Even fatal Roxolana, both were friends
To me——Emira was thy only foe.

Must. Thy words distract me. I shall die a coward,
Forgetful of my name, unworthy thee.
It was the sweet excess of tenderest love,
Led thee to plead a daughter's sacred claim
In Solyman: and sure, if aught on earth,
If human influence could have found his heart,
Thy tears, thy truth, thy charms, must have prevail'd.

Emi. O spare me, Mustapha. Each piercing accent
Is a keen sword, and stabs into my heart.
Were I to live after this dear forgiveness,
What were it but to hear, each ling'ring hour,
Th' upbraiding voice of honour, virtue, duty,
Condemning, lashing my distracted soul
With their severest scorpions. No, Emira!
No farther thought of life——

Must. Yes, you must live;
Or see me die, the last of human race.
O, if my fair renown thro' life preserv'd,
And meant a brave example now in death,
Be dear to my Emira; she will live
To plead my virtue's cause before a father:
And reconcile him to a son's just fame,
Who living honour'd, and who dying blest him.

Emi. What says my Lord? For all the promis'd joys
Of

Of paradise, I would not see his face:
Nor will I part from thee.

Must. My hour is come!
I heard th' inexorable angel call!
His potent voice sounds awful in mine ear!
Emira!—Oh—farewell!

Emi. Ha! who are these?

Must. The ministers of fate. [*Osman and Mutes enter.*]

Emi. Ye blessed powers!
Save, shield me from their sight!

Must. Alas—she faints!
O, Zanger! O, my friend! where now is he,
Whose hand should comfort and support my love?
Look on her, heaven! I leave her in thy care.

[*The Mutes make signs for him to retire.*]

I come, my friends. A few tears will have way
At this eternal parting. Dear Emira!—
Osman, look here—and let my father know
What thou hast seen!—One kiss—Her cheek is cold—
One more—O, bitter sweet!—And now the pangs
Of death are past. [*Emira is carried off.*]

Osman. My wounded heart weeps blood
At this sad sight!

S C E N E VII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN.

Sol. Protect me, heaven!

Osman. My Lord!

Sol. Osman, it vanish'd here!

Osman. My gracious sovereign,
What moves you thus? What do your eyes pursue
With such transported gaze?

Sol. If parted souls
Can leave the midnight caverns dark and damp,
Where sleeps their mouldering dust, to walk on earth;
This very now the spectre of a man—
It bore the semblance of my buried father—
Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my sight!
And glar'd a look of anger as it pass'd!

Osman. Can this be possible?

Sol. I saw it plain.

In my lone tent, deaf murmurs struck mine ear,
From airy voices whispering thro' the gloom.
I listen'd: when at once a wave of flame
Burst, dimly flashing round me, and disclos'd
The hideous vision—Look! it bends this way—
Behold it, Osman!

Osman. 'Tis illusion all.

Sol. O night of horrors!—Mustapha, thy fate,
Thy pangs are yet less terrible than mine!
Osman, I am most wretched——

Osman. Hark, my Lord,
What shouts! what furious outcries!

S C E N E VIII.

SOLYMAN, OSMAN, RUSTAN.

Sol. Rustan! ha—
Bleeding and pale!

Rust. Prince Zanger——

Sol. What of him?

Rust. To save his brother—But my strength forsakes
me——

I die——

Sol. Confusion!——raise him up——say on.

Rust. To save his brother, rous'd the sleeping camp—
I threw myself, with all your gather'd slaves,
To bar their passage——

Sol. Is my son escap'd?

Rust. I faint—my heart pants thick—Too late I see
Th' avenging hand of heaven!—too late I find,
All wickedness is misery!——But yet,
I will not die with unrepented guilt
Upon my parting spirit——Mustapha——
Prophet! forgive me—was most innocent:
And Roxolana——

[Dies.

Sol. Slave!——thou dy'st too soon;
And hast escap'd my justice——Roxolana——
Thou wouldst have said—is false as hell, or thee!

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Back scene opening discovers the Mutes and Soldiers in attitudes of grief round the body of Mustapha. They bring it forward.

Zan, entering.] Alas! my brother—dead!—Look here, just heaven!

I could not save—but I can perish with thee.

[*Stabs himself.*

Sol. What hast thou done?—Wert thou too, leagu'd against me?

Yet live: my heart forgives, and bids thee live.

Zan. Not universal rule should bribe me now
Longer to breathe this tainted air—My Lord—
By those soft tears of pity and remorse
You shed o'er this sad scene—Support me, friends—
To dying friendship grant this last request—
Beneath one marble let us rest together;
In the same social tomb our human part
Sleep safe, and undisturb'd—Now, Mustapha—
Now, I am thine— for ever! [*Dies.*

Sol. O, my sons!

Did ever age produce such god-like worth?
Such matchless friendship?—Ah— what then am I—
Their murderer!—Hide, O, hide me from that thought!
O, let me plunge into profoundest night!
Let her broad wing with ever-during shade
Involve my memory! lest fame should tell,
Should publish to remotest time—I clos'd
A life of glory—thus.

S C E N E X.

To them ROXOLANA.

Rox. Ah—Zanger!

Sol. Look!

See, forcerefs—woman, see—the curst effects
Of thy dire arts!

Rox. Recall not to my thought
What I have done—O, give me instant death!

Sol. Death—were reward and mercy. Thou shalt live
Whole

Whole years of hopeless anguish and despair,
To prove the pangs, the heart-destroying horrors,
Even all that love betray'd and chang'd to gall
Can pour upon thee. Yes, we both shall live,
Two demons, hourly to upbraid and curse
Each other's crime—Ha! drag her from the corpse,
She shall not breathe a sigh, or drop a tear,
O'er my unhappy son—Hark! righteous heaven!

[Here the thunder is heard.]

Rolls deep th' avenging thunder o'er our heads.

Justice divine! discharge it here—on me—

On her. It cannot err: we both are guilty.

[He throws himself by the body.]

Ofm. O, dire example, known and felt too late,
Of amorous weakness, and of woman's hate!
O, curst prerogative of boundless sway,
That gives the deadly passions scope to play!
Rage and revenge to coward-fear succeed:
And worth must perish, tho' a son should bleed.

EPI.

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E P I L O G U E.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr QUIN.

*WELL—for this once I'll undertake the part—
But, would have been excus'd with all my heart.
I come, good Sirs, to speak an Epilogue;
I doubt, not season'd to the taste in vogue:
Nor was I made to simper, leer, and coax,
And torture meanings into wanton jokes.
Our author, too, avows himself unfit
To write such strains as but dishonour wit.
Yet this, with humble hope, he bids me say:
If aught, less faulty, pleas'd you in his play;
If noble passions bade your bosoms glow;
If feeling pity taught a tear to flow;
If, while he try'd to make fair virtue shine,
You smil'd indulgent on the just design:
'Twere mean, these bright impressions to efface,
That dignify the mind which gives 'em place:
And for the vain delight of some low jest,
Distaste the wise, and pain the modest breast.
Behold that circle of the listening fair,
Their looks how open! how serene their air!
May no rude blush invade one smiling face,
That, safe from insult, they may veil no grace!
Be yours henceforth to save them from alarms,
And vindicate their violated charms.*

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